

THE
OECONOMY
OF
HUMAN LIFE.

PART the SECOND.

Translated from an *Indian* Manuscript, found soon after that which contain'd the Original of the first Part; and written by the same Hand.

I N

A Second LETTER from an *English* Gentleman residing in *Cbina*, to the Earl of C****

To which is annexed, An

A P P E N D I X,

To the FIRST and SECOND Part of

The *Oeconomy* of *Human Life*.

In a LETTER to the

Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

W A T E R F O R D :

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To the Right Honourable, the
Earl of C—————

Peking, Jan. 10, 1749-50.

My LORD,

NOT a month after I had inclosed to your Lordship the translation I had attempted of the oriental system of morality, so famous in these parts, we were agreeably surprized with a manuscript of the same size, whose antiquity, characters, and other internal marks, determined it to be the performance of the same author, which, at the same time it shewed us that something was wanting to what we had esteemed a complete system, nobly supplied the deficiency.

I could not rest, after the first dipping into it, without the pleasing task of a translation; nor, when I had finished it, without doing myself the honour of transmitting it to your Lordship, I need not tell your Lordship, that the energy of thought, sublimity of stile, and many other circumstances, prove it to come from the divine hand that planned the other: The substance of it carries abundantly more proof of it.

If I did not flatter myself that the first part had met the honour of your Lordship's approbation, I should not be so earnest in dispatching this after it: But while I know the value of the work, and know your Lordship's distinguishing genius, it would be impudence to affect a doubt about it.

I am, my LORD,



Your's, &c.

BOOK

B O O K I.

M A N considered in the General.

C H A P T E R I.

Of the Human Frame and Structure.

WEAK and ignorant as thou art, O man! humble as thou ought'st to be, O child of the dust! would'st thou raise thy thoughts to infinite wisdom? would'st thou see omnipotence displayed before thee? Contemplate thine own frame.

Fearfully and wonderfully art thou made: praise therefore thy creator with awe, and rejoice before him with reverence.

Wherefore of all creatures art thou only erect; but that thou should'st see his works! wherefore art thou to see; but that thou may'st admire them! wherefore to admire; but that thou may'st adore their; and thy creator.

Wherefore is consciousness repos'd in thee alone; and whence it is derived to thee!

'Tis not in flesh to think; 'tis not in bones to reason: the lion knoweth not that worms shall eat him: the ox perceiveth not that he is fed for slaughter.

Something is added to thee unlike to what thou seest: something informs thy clay, higher than

all that is the object of thy senses. Behold! what is it?

Thy body remaineth perfect after it is fled; therefore it is no part of it: it is immaterial; therefore it is eternal: it is free to act; therefore it is accountable for its actions.

Knoweth the ass the use of food, because his teeth mow down the herbage? or standeth the crocodile erect, altho' his back-bone is strait as thine?

God formed thee as he had formed these: after them all were thou created: superiority and command were given thee over all; and of his own breath did he communicate to thee thy principle of knowledge.

Know thyself then the pride of his creation; the link uniting divinity and matter: behold a part of God himself within thee: remember thine own dignity; nor dare descend to evil or to meanness.

Who planted terror in the tail of the serpent? who cloathed the neck of the horse with thunder? even he who hath instructed thee to crush the one under thy feet, and to tame the other to thy purposes.

CHAPTER II.

Of the Use of the Senses.

VAUNT not of thy body, because it was first formed; or of thy brain, because therein thy soul resideth. Is not the master of the house more honourable than its walls?

The

The ground must be prepared before corn be planted : the potter must build his furnace before he can make his procelane

As the breath of heaven layeth unto the water of the deep, This way shall thy billows roll, and no other ; thus high, and no higher, shall they raise their fury ; so let thy spirit, O man, actuate and direct thy flesh ; so let it repress its wildness.

Thy soul is the monarch of thy frame : suffer not its subjects to rebel against it.

Thy body is as the globe of the earth : thy bones the pillars that sustain it on its basis.

As the ocean giveth rise to springs, whose waters return again into its bosom thro' the rivers : so runneth thy life from the heart outwards ; and so returneth it unto its place again.

Do not both retain their course for ever ? behold the same God ordained them.

Is not thy nose the channel to perfumes ? thy mouth the path to delicacies ? yet know thou, that perfumes long smelt become offensive : that delicacies destroy the appetite they flatter.

Are not thine eyes the centinels that watch for thee ; yet how often are they unable to distinguish truth from error.

Keep thy soul in moderation : teach thy spirit to be attentive to its good : so shall these its ministers be always to thee conveyances of truth.

Thine hand, is it not a miracle ? is there in the creation aught like unto it ? wherefore was it given thee ; but that thou might'st stretch it out to the assistance of thy brother ? Why

Why of all things living art thou alone made capable of blushing? the world shall read thy shame upon thy face: therefore do nothing shameful.

Fear and dismay, why rob they thy countenance of its ruddy splendour? avoid guilt and thou shalt know that fear is beneath thee; that dismay is unmanly.

Wherefore to thee alone speak shadows in the visions of thy pillow? reverence them; for know that dreams are from on high.

Thou man alone canst speak: wonder at thy glorious prerogative; and pay to him who gave it thee a rational and welcome praise; teaching thy children wisdom; instructing the offspring of thy lines in piety.

CHAPTER III.

The Soul of Man, its Origin and Affections.

THY blessings, O man! of thy external part are health, vigour, and proportion: the greatest of these is health. What health is to the body, even that is honesty to the soul.

That thou hast a soul is of all knowledge the most certain; of all truths the most plain unto thee: be meek; be grateful for it; seek not to know it perfectly: it is inscrutable.

Thinking, understanding, reasoning, willing; call not these the soul! they are its actions, but they are not its essence.

Raise it not to heaven, that thou be not despised;

spised ; be not thou like unto those who fall by climbing : neither debase it to the sense of brutes ; nor be thou like to the horse and the mule in whom there is no understanding.

Search it by its faculties ; know it by its virtues : they are more in number than the hairs of thy head : the stars of heaven are not to be counted with them.

Think not with *Arabia* that one soul is parted among all men ; neither believe thou with the sons of *Ægypt*, that every man hath many ; know that as thy heart, so also thy soul is one.

Doth not the sun harden the clay ; doth it not also soften the wax ? as it is one sun that worketh both ; even so it is one soul that willeth contraries.

As the moon retaineth her nature tho' darkness spread itself before her face as it were a curtain ; so the soul remaineth perfect even in the bosom of the fool.

She is immortal ; she is unchangeable ; she is alike in all : health called her forth to shew her loveliness ; and application anointeth her face with the oil of wisdom.

Altho' she shall live after thee, think not that she was born before thee : she was concreated with thy flesh, and formed with thy bowels.

Justice could not give her to thee exalted by virtues, nor mercy deliver her to thee deformed by vices. These must be thine, and thou must answer them.

Suppose not death can shield thee from examination : think no corruption can hide thee from
enquiry.

enquiry. He who form'd thee of thou know'st not what; can he not raise thee from thou know'st not what again?

Perceiveth not the cock the hour of midnight? exalteth he not his voice, to tell thee it is morning? knoweth not the dog the footsteps of his master? and flyeth not the wounded goat unto the herb that healeth him? yet when these die, their spirit returneth to the dust; for thine alone surviveth.

Envy not to these their senses, because quicker than thine own: learn that the advantage lieth not in possessing good things; but in the knowing to use them.

Hadst thou the ear of the stag; or were thine eye as strong and piercing as the eagle's; didst thou equal the hound in smell; or could the ape resign to thee his taste; or the tortoise her feeling; yet without reason what would they avail thee! perish not all these like their kindred?

Hath any one of them the gift of Speech? can any say unto thee, therefore did I so?

The lips of the wise are as the doors of a cabinet; no sooner are they opened, but treasures are poured out before thee.

Like unto trees of gold arranged in beds of silver, are wise sentences uttered in due season.

Canst thou think too greatly of thy soul? or can too much be said in its praise? it is the image of him who gave it.

Remember thou its dignity for ever; forget not how great a talent is committed to thy charge.

What-

Whatsoever may do good, may also do harm :
beware that thou direct its course to virtue.

Think not that thou canst lose her in the
croud : suppose not that thou canst bury her in
thy closet : action is her delight and she will not
be withheld from it.

Her motion is perpetual ; her attempts are u-
niversal ; her agility is not to be suppressed : is
it at the uttermost part of the earth ? she will
have it : is it beyond the region of the stars ?
yet will her eye discover it.

Inquiry is her delight : as one who traverseth
the burning sands in search of water, so is the
soul that thirsteth after knowledge.

Guard her, for she's rash ; restrain her, for she
is irregular ; correct her, for she is outrageous :
more supple is she than water ; more flexible than
wax ; more yielding than air : is there aught
then can bind her ?

As a sword in the hand of a madman ; even
so is the soul in him who wanteth discretion,

The end of her search is truth : her means to
discover it are reason and experience : but are
not these weak, uncertain and fallacious ! how
then shall she attain unto it ?

General opinion is no proof of truth, for the
generality of men are ignorant.

Perception of thyself ; the knowledge of him
who created thee ; the sense of the worship thou
owest unto him ; are not these plain before thy
face ? and behold ! what is there more that man
needeth to know with certainty.

CHAPTER IV.

Of the Period and Uses of Human Life.

AS the eye of the morning to the lark ; as the shades of evening to the owl ; as honey to the bee, or as the carcase to the vulture ; even such is life unto the heart of man.

Tho' bright it dazzleth not ; tho' obscure it displeaseth not ; tho' sweet it cloyeth not ; tho' corrupt it forbideth not : yet who is he that knoweth its true value ?

Learn to esteem life as it ought ; and thou art near the pinnacle of wisdom.

Think not with the fool that nothing is more valuable ; nor believe with the pretended wise that thou oughtst to contemn it : love it not for itself but for the good it may be of to others.

Gold cannot buy it for thee ; neither can mines of diamonds purchase back the moment thou now hast lost of it : employ the succeeding ones in virtue.

Say not that it were best not to have been born ; or if born that it had been best to die early : neither dare thou to ask of thy creator, where had been the evil had I not existed ? good is in thy power : the want of good is evil : and if thy question be just, lo ! it condemneth thee.

Wou'd the fish swallow the bait if he knew the hook was underneath it ? would the lion enter the toils if he knew they were before him ? so neither were the soul to perish with this clay,

wou'd

wou'd men wish to live : neither wou'd a merciful God have created him : know hence thou shalt live afterward.

As the bird enclosed in the cage before he seeth it, yet breaketh not his flesh against its sides ; so neither labour thou vainly to run from the state thou findest thyself in, but know it is allotted thee ; and be content with it.

Tho' its ways are uncouth, yet are they not painful : accommodate thyself to all ; and where there is least appearance of evil suspect the greatest danger.

When thy bed is straw thou sleepest in security ; but when thou stretcheth thyself on roses beware of the thorns.

A good death is better than an evil life : strive to live therefore as long as thou oughtst, not as long as thou canst : while thy life is to others worth more than thy death ; it is thy duty to preserve it.

Complain not with the fool of the shortness of thy time : remember that with thy days, thy cares are shortened.

Take from the period of thy life the useless parts of it ; and what remaineth ? take off the time of thine infancy, the second infancy of age, thy sleep, thy thoughtless hours, thy days of sickness, and even at the fulness of years, how few seasons hast thou truly numbered ?

He who gave thee life as a blessing, shortened it to make it more so : to what end would longer life have served thee ? wishest thou to have had an opportunity of more vices ? as to the

good, will not he who limited thy span, be satisfied with the fruits of it!

To what end, O child of sorrow, wouldst thou live longer? to breathe, to eat, to see the world? all this thou hast done often already, and to repeat it oftner, is it not tiresome? or is it not superfluous?

Wouldst thou improve thee more in wisdom and in virtue? alas! what art thou to know? or who is it that shall teach thee? badly thou employest the little that thou hast; dare not therefore to complain that more is not given thee.

Repine not at the want of knowledge; it must perish with thee in the grave: be honest here, thou shalt be wise hereafter.

Say not unto the crow, why numberest thou seven times the age of thy lord? or to the fawn, why are thine eyes to see my off-spring to an hundred generations? are these to be compared with thee in the ill use of life? are they riotous? are they cruel? are they ungrateful! learn from them rather that innocence of life and simplicity of manners are the paths to a good old age.

Knowest thou to employ life better than these: then less of it may suffice thee.

Man who dares enslave the world, when he knows he can enjoy his tyranny but for a moment, what would he aim at, if he were immortal?

Enough hast thou of life, but thou regardest not: thou art not in want of it, O man! but thou

thou art prodigal: thou throwest it lightly away, as if thou hadst more than enough; and yet thou repinest that it is not gathered again unto thee.

Know that it is not abundance which maketh rich, but oeconomy.

The wise continueth to live from his first period: the fool is always beginning it.

Labour not after riches first, and think thou afterwards wilt enjoy them: he who neglecteth the present moment, throweth away all that he hath: as the arrow passeth through the heart, while the warrior knew not that it was coming; so shall his life be taken away before he knoweth that he hath it.

What then is life that man should desire it? what breathing that he should cover it?

Is it not a scene of errors: a series of misadventures; a pursuit of evils link'd on all sides together; in the beginning it is ignorance, pain is in its middle, and its end is sorrow.

As one wave pusheth on another, till both are involved in that behind them; even so succeedeth evil to evil in the life of man; the greater and the present swallow up the lesser and the past: our terrors are real evils; our expectations look forward into improbabilities.

Fools, to dread as mortals; and to desire as if immortal!

What part of life is it that we would wish to remain with us? is it youth? can we be in love with outrage, licentiousness and temerity? is it age? then are we fond of infirmities.

It

It is said grey hairs are revered, and in length of days is honour. Virtue can add reverence to the bloom of youth ; and without it age plants more wrinkles on the soul than on the forehead.

Is age respected because it hateth riot ? what justice is in this ? when 'tis not age despiseth vice and pleasure ; but vice and pleasure that despise old age.

Be virtuous while thou art young, then shall thine age be honoured.

B O O K II.

MAN considered in regard to his
Infirmities and their Effects.

C H A P T E R I. V A N I T Y.

INconstancy is powerful in the heart of man ; intemperance swayeth it whither it will ; despair engrosseth much of it ; and fear proclaimeth, behold I sit unrival'd there : but vanity is greater in it than them all.

Weep not therefore at the calamities of the human state : rather laugh at its follies. In the hands of the man addicted to unrestrained vanity, life is but as the shadow of a dream.

The hero, the most renowned of human characters, what is he but the bubble of this weakness ?

ness? the public is unstable and ungrateful; why should the man of wisdom endanger himself for fools?

The man who neglecteth his present concerns, to revolve how he will behave when greater, feedeth himself with wind, while his bread is eaten by another.

Act as becometh thee in thy present station : and in more exalted ones, thy face shall not be ashamed.

What blindeth the eye, or what hideth the heart of a man from himself, like vanity? lo! when thou seest not thy self, then others discover thee most plainly,

As the tulip that is gaudy without smell; conspicuous without use; so is the man who setteth himself up on high, and hath not merit to support him.

The heart of the vain is troubled while it seemeth content : his cares are greater than his pleasures,

His sollicitude cannot rest with his bones : the grave is not deep enough to hide it : he extendeth his thoughts beyond his being : he bespeaketh praise to be paid when he is gone : but who-so promiseth it deceiveth him.

As the man who engageth his wife to remain in widowhood that she disturb not his soul, so is he who expecteth that praise shall reach his ears beneath the earth; or cherish his heart in its shroud.

Do well while thou livest; but regard not
what

what is said of it : content thy self with deserving praise, and thy posterity shall rejoice in hearing it.

As the butterfly who seeth not her own colours ; as the jessamine which feeleth not the scent it casteth around it, so is the man who appeareth gay, and biddeth others to take note of it.

To what purpose, saith he, is my vesture of gold ? to what end are my tables loaded with good things ? if no eye gaze upon them ; if the world know it not ; give thy raiment to the naked ; and thy food unto the hungry ; so shalt thou be praised ; and feel that thou deservest it.

Why bestowest thou on every man the flattery of unmeaning words ? thou knowest when he returneth it to thee thou regardest it not. He knoweth he lieth unto thee ; yet he knoweth thou wilt thank him for it : speak in sincerity, and thou shalt hear with instruction.

The vain delighteth to speak of himself : but he seeth not that others like not to hear of him.

If he hath done any thing worthy of praise ; if he possess any thing worthy of admiration ; his joy is to proclaim it : his pride is to hear it reported : the desire of such a man defeateth itself : men say not behold he hath done it ; or see he possesseth it ; but mark how proud he is of it !

The heart of man cannot attend at once to many things : he who fixeth his soul on shew, loseth reality : he pursueth bubbles which he shall not reach ; while he treads to earth what would have done him honour.

CHAP.

CHAPTER II. INCONSTANCY.

NATURE urgeth thee to inconstancy, O man! therefore be thou at all times on thy guard against it.

Thou art from the womb of thy mother various and wavering ; from the loins of thy father inheritest thou instability : how then shalt thou be firm ?

Those who gave thee a body furnish'd thee with weakness ; but he who gave thee a soul, armed thee with resolution : employ it and thou art wise : be wise and thou art happy.

Let him who doeth well, beware how he boasteth of it : for rarely is it of his own will.

Is it not the event of an impulse from without ; born of uncertainty ; enforced by accident ; dependent on somewhat else ? to these then, and to accident is due the praise.

Beware of irresolution in the intent of thy actions ; beware of instability in the execution of them : so shalt thou triumph over the two great weaknesses of thy nature.

What is more reproach to reason than to act contrarieties ? what shall suppress the tendencies to these, but firmness of mind ?

The Inconstant feeleth that he changeth, but he knoweth not why ; he seeth that he escapeth from himself, but he perceiveth not the reason of it : be thou incapable of change in that which is right ; and men will rely upon thee.

Establish unto thyself principles of action ; and see that thou ever act according to them.

First know that thy principles are just ; and then be thou inflexible in the path of them.

So shall thy passions have no rule over thee : so shall thy constancy ensure unto thee the good thou possessest : and drive from thy door misfortune : anxiety, and disappointment shall not know the way unto thy gates.

Suspect not evil in any one, until thou see it : when thou see it, forget it not.

Who so hath been an enemy, cannot be a friend ; for man mendeth not of his faults.

How should his actions be right, who hath no rule of life established ? nothing can be just which proceedeth not from reason.

The Inconstant hath no peace in his own soul ; neither can any be at ease with whom he concerneth himself.

His life is unequal : his motions are irregular : his soul changeth with the weather.

To-day he loveth thee ; to-morrow thou art detested by him : and why ? himself knoweth not wherefore he loved, or wherefore he now hateth.

To-day he is the tyrant over thee ; to-morrow thy servant is less humble : and why ? he who is arrogant without power, will be also servile where there is no subjection.

To-day he is profuse ; to-morrow he grudgeth unto his mouth that which it should eat : must it not be thus with him who knoweth not moderation ?

Who

Who shall say of the camelion he is black, when the moment after the verdure of the grass over-spreadeth him ?

Who shall say of the Inconstant he is joyful, when his next breath shall be spent in sighing.

What is the life of such a man but the phantom of a dream ? in the morning he riseth happy ; at noon he is on the rack : this hour he is a god ; the next below a worm : at one moment he laugheth ; at the next he weepeth : he now willeth ; in an instant he willeth not ; and in another he knoweth not whether he willeth or no.

Yet neither ease nor pain have fixed themselves on him : neither is he waxed greater, or become less ; neither hath he had cause for laughter, nor reason for his sorrow : therefore shall none of them abide with him.

The happiness of the Inconstant is as a palace built on the surface of the sand ; the blowing of the wind robbeth it of that whereon it was erected : what wonder then that it falleth ?

But what exalted form is this, that hitherward directs its even, its uninterrupted course ? whose foot is on the earth, whose head above the clouds.

On his brow sitteth majesty ; steadiness is in his port ? and in his heart reigneth tranquility.

Tho' obstacles appear in the way ; he deigneth not to look down upon them : tho' heaven and earth oppose his passage ; he proceedeth.

The mountains sink beneath his tread : the waters of the ocean are dried up under the soal of his foot.

The tyger throweth herself across his way in vain ; the spots of the leopard glow against him unregarded.

He marcheth thro' the embattled legions : and with his hand he putteth aside the terrors of death.

Storms roar against his shoulders, but are not able to shake them : the thunder belloweth about his head in vain ; the fighting seemeth but to shew the glories of his countenance.

His name is *Resolution* ! he cometh from the utmost part of the earth : he seeth happiness afar off before him ; his eye discovereth her temple beyond the limits of the pole.

He walketh up to it ; he entereth boldly ; and he remaineth there for ever.

Establish thy heart, O man ! in that which is right, and then know the greatest of human praise is to be immutable.

CHAPTER III. WEAKNESS.

VAIN and inconstant as thou art, O child of imperfection ! how canst thou but be weak ? is not inconstancy connected with frailty ? can there be vanity without infirmity ? avoid the danger of the one ; and thou shalt escape the mischiefs of the other.

Wherein art thou most weak ? in that wherein thou seemest most strong : in that wherein most thou gloriest : even in possessing the things which thou hast ; in using the good that is about thee.

Are

Are not thy desires also frail? or knowest thou even what it is thou wouldst wish? when thou hast obtained what most thou soughtest after, behold it contenteth thee not.

Wherefore loseth the pleasure that is before thee its relish? and why appeareth that which is yet to come, the sweeter? because thou art wearied with the good of this, because thou knowest not the evil of that which is not with thee. Know that to be content; is to be happy.

Couldst thou chuse for thyself, would thy creator lay before thee all that thine heart cou'd ask for; wou'd happiness then remain with thee, or wou'd joy dwell always in thy gates?

Alas! thy weakness forbiddeth it; thy infirmity declareth against it. Variety is to thee in the place of pleasure; but that which permanently delighteth, must be permanent:

When it is gone thou repentest the loss of it; tho' while it was with thee thou despisedst it.

That which succeedeth it, hath no more pleasure for thee; and thou afterwards quarrellest with thyself for preferring it: behold the only circumstance in which thou errest not.

Is there any thing in which thy weakness appeareth more evidently than in desiring things? it is in the possessing, and in the using them.

Good things cease to be good in our enjoyment of them: what nature meant pure sweets are sources of bitterness to us; from our delights arise pain: from our joys sorrow.

Be moderate in the enjoyment; and it shall remain

remain in thy possession : let thy joy have its foundation in reason ; and to its end shall sorrow be a stranger.

The delights of love are ushered in by sighs, and terminate in languishment and dejection : the object thou burnedst for nauseates with satiety ; and no sooner hast thou possessed it but thou art weary of its presence.

Join esteem to thy admiration ; unite friendship with thy love ; so shalt thou find in the end content so absolute, that it surpasseth raptures : tranquility that is more worth than extacy.

God hath given thee no good without its admixture of evil : but he hath given thee also the means of throwing off the evil from among it.

As joy is not without its allay of pain, so neither is sorrow without its portion of pleasure. Joy and grief tho' unlike are united : our own choice only can give them to us entire.

Melancholy itself often giveth us delight : and the extremity of our joy is mingled with tears.

The best things in the hand of a fool may be turned to his destruction : and out of the very worst, the wise will find the means of good.

So blended is weakness in thy nature, O man ! that thou hast not strength either to be good or to be evil entirely : rejoice that thou canst not excel in evil ; and let the good that is within thy reach content thee.

The virtues are allotted to various stations : seek not after impossibilities, nor grieve that thou canst not possess them all.

Wouldst

Wouldst thou at once have the liberality of the rich, and the contentment of the poor? or shall the wife of thy bosom be despised because she sheweth not the virtues of the widow?

If thy father sink before thee in the divisions of thy country, can at once thy justice destroy him, and thy duty save his life?

If thou behold thy brother in the agonies of a slow death, is it not mercy to put a period to his life? and is it not also death to be his murderer?

Truth is but one; thy doubts are of thine own raising: he who made virtues what they are, planted also in thee a knowledge of their pre-eminence; act as thy soul dictates to thee; and the end shall be always right.

CHAPTER IV.

Of the Insufficiency of Knowledge.

IF there is any thing lovely; if there is any thing desirable; if there is any thing within the reach of man worthy of praise; is it not knowledge? and yet who is it that attaineth unto it?

The statesman proclaimeth that he hath it; the ruler of the people claimeth the praise of it: but findeth the subject that he possesseth it.

Evil is not requisite to man; neither can vice be necessary to be tolerated: yet how many evils are permitted by the connivance of the laws? how many crimes committed by the decrees of the council?

But

But be wise, O ruler, and learn O thou that art to command the nations : one crime authorized by thee is worse than the escape of ten from punishment.

When thy people are too numerous : when thy sons encrease about thy table, sendest thou them not out to slay the innocent ; and to fall before the sword of him whom they have not offended ?

If the object of thy desires demandeth the lives of a thousand of thy children, sayest thou not, I will have it ? surely thou forgettest that he who created thee, created also these ; and that their blood is as rich as thine.

Sayest thou that justice cannot be executed without wrong : surely thine own words condemn thee.

Thou who flatterest with false hopes the soul of the criminal that he may confess his guilt ; art not thou unto him a criminal ? or is thy guilt the less because he cannot punish it ?

When thou commandest to the torture, him who is but suspected of ill : darest thou to remember, that thou mayst wrack the innocent ?

Is thy purpose answered by the event ? is thy soul satisfied with his confession ? pain will enforce him to say what is not, as easy as what is ; and anguish hath caused innocence to accuse herself.

That thou mayst not kill him without cause, thou dost worse than kill him : that thou mayst prove if he be guilty, thou destroyest him innocent.

O blind.

O blindness to all truth! O insufficiency of the wisdom of the wise: know when thy judge shall bid thee account for this, thou shalt wish ten thousand guilty to have gone free, rather than one innocent to stand forth against thee.

Insufficient as thou art to the maintenance of justice, how shalt thou arrive at the knowledge of truth? how shalt thou ascend to the footstep of her throne?

As the owl is blinded by the radiance of the sun, so shall the brightness of her countenance dazzle thee in thy approaches.

If thou wouldst mount up into her throne, first bow thyself at her foot-stool: if thou wouldst arrive at the knowledge of her; first inform thyself, of thine own ignorance.

More worth is she than pearls; therefore seek her carefully: the emerald, and the sapphire, and the ruby are as dirt beneath her feet, therefore pursue her manfully.

The way to her is labour; attention is the pilot that must conduct thee into her ports: but weary not in the way; for when thou art arrived at her, the toil shall be to thee for pleasure.

Say not unto thyself, behold truth breedeth hatred, and I will avoid it: dissimulation raiseth friends, and I will follow it: are not the enemies made by truth, better than the friends obtained by flattery?

Naturally doth man desire the truth, yet when he hath it before him, he will not apprehend it: and if it force itself upon him, is he not offended at it?

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The fault is not in truth, for that is amiable; but the weakness of man beareth not its splendor.

Wouldst thou see thine insufficiency more plainly: view thyself at thy devotions: to what end was religion instituted, but to teach thee thine infirmities; to remind thee of thy weakness; to shew thee that from heaven alone thou art to hope for what is good?

Doth it not remind thee that thou art dust? doth it not tell thee that thou art ashes? and behold repentance; is it not built on frailty?

When thou givest an oath; when thou swearest thou wilt not deceive; behold it spreadeth shame upon thy face, and upon the face of him that receiveth it: learn to be just, and repentance may be forgotten: learn to be honest, and oaths are unnecessary.

The shorter follies are the better: say not therefore to thyself I will not play the fool by halves.

He that heareth his own faults with patience; shall reprove another with boldness.

He that giveth a denial with reason; shall suffer a repulse with patience.

If thou art suspected; answer with freedom: whom should suspicion affright except the guilty?

The tender of heart is turned from his purpose by supplications; the proud is rendered more obstinate by entreaty: the sense of thine insufficiency commandeth thee to hear; but to be just, thou must hear without thy passions.

CHAPTER V. MISERY.

FEEBLE and insufficient as thou art, O man, in good ; frail and inconstant as thou art in pleasure ; yet there is a thing in which thou art strong, permanent and unshaken : its name is misery.

It is the character of thy being ; the prerogative of thy nature : in thy breast alone it resideth ; without thee there is nothing of it : and behold what is its source, but thine own passions ?

He who gave thee these, gave thee also reason to subdue them : exert it ; and thou shalt trample them under thy feet.

Thine entrance into the world, is it not shameful ? thy destruction, is it not glorious ? lo ! men adorn the instruments of death with gold, and gems ; and wear them above their garments.

He who begetteth a man hideth his face : but he who killeth a thousand is honoured.

Know thou notwithstanding that in this is error : Custom cannot alter the nature of truth ; neither can the opinion of man destroy justice : the glory and the shame are misplaced.

There is but one way for man to be produced : there are a thousand by which he may be destroyed.

There is no praise, or honour to him who giveth being to another ; but triumphs and empire are the rewards of murder.

Yet he who hath many children hath as many blessings : and he who hath taken away the life of another ; shall not enjoy his own.

While the savage curseth the birth of his son ; and blesteth the death of his father ; doth he not call himself a monster ?

Enough of evil is allotted unto man : but he maketh it more while he lamenteth it.

The greatest of all human ills is sorrow : too much of this thou art born unto ; add not unto it by thine own perverseness.

Grief is natural to thee ; and is always about thee ; pleasure is a stranger, and visiteth thee but by times : use well thy reason, and sorrow shall be cast behind thee : be prudent, and the visits of joy shall remain long with thee.

Every part of thy frame is capable of sorrow : but few and narrow are the paths that lead to delight.

Pleasures can be admitted only simply ; but pains rush in a thousand at a time.

As the blaze of straw fadeth as soon as it is kindled ; so passeth away the brightness of joy, and thou knowest not what is become of it.

Sorrow is frequent : pleasure is rare : pain cometh of itself ; delight must be purchased for us : grief is unmixed ; but joy wanteth not its alloy of bitterness.

As the soundest health is less perceived than the lightest malady : so the highest joy toucheth us less deep, than the smallest sorrow.

We are in love with anguish ; we oft fly from pleasure :

pleasure ; when we purchase it, costeth it not more than it is worth ?

Reflection is the business of man : a sense of his state is his first duty ; and who remembreth himself in joy ? is it not in mercy then that sorrow is allotted unto us ?

Man foreseeeth the evil that is to come : he remembereth it when it is past ; he considereth not that the thought of affliction woundeth deeper than the affliction itself : think not of thy pain but when it is upon thee, and thou shalt avoid what most would hurt thee.

He who weepeth before he needeth, weepeth more than he needeth : and why ? but that he loveth weeping.

The stag weepeth not till the spear is lifted up against him : nor do the tears of the beaver fall till the hound is ready to seize him : man anticipateth death by the apprehension of it ; and the fear is greater misery, than the event itself.

Be always prepared to give an account of thine actions, and the best death is that which is least premeditated.

CHAPTER VI. Of J U D G M E N T.

THE greatest bounties given to man are judgment and will : happy is he who misapplyeth them not.

As the torrent that rolleth down the mountains, destroyeth all that is borne away by it ;

so doth common opinion overwhelm reason, in him who submitteth to it, without saying what is thy foundation ?

See that what thou receivest as truth be not the shadow of it : what thou acknowledgest as convincing is often but plausible : be firm ; be constant ; determine for thyself ; so shalt thou be answerable only for thine own weakness.

Say not that the event proveth the wisdom of the action : remember man is not above the reach of accidents.

Condemn not the judgment of another because it differeth from thine own : may not even both be in an error.

When thou esteemest a man for his titles, and contemnest the stranger because he wanteth them ; judgest thou not of the camel by his bridle ?

Think not thou art revenged of thine enemy when thou slayest him : thou puttest him beyond thy reach ; thou givest him quiet ; and thou takest from thyself all means of hurting him.

Was thy mother incontinent, and grieveth it thee to be told of it ? is frailty in the wife of thy bosom, and art thou pained at the reproach of it ? he who despiseth thee for it condemneth himself : art thou answerable for the vices of another ?

Disregard not a jewel because thou possessest it : neither enhance thou the value of a thing because it is another's : possession to the wise addeth to the price of it.

Honour not thy wife the less because she is in thy power :

power : and despise him that hath said wouldst thou love her less ? marry her ! what hath put her into thy power, but her confidence in thy virtue ? shouldst thou love her less for being more obliged to her ?

If thou wert just in thy courtship of her ; tho' thou neglectest her while thou hast her, yet shall her loss be bitter to thy soul.

He who thinketh another best only because he possesseth her ; if he be not wiser than thee, at least he is more happy,

Weigh not the loss thy friend hath suffered by the tears he sheddeth for it ; the greatest griefs are above these expressions of them.

Esteem not an action because it is done with noise and pomp : the noblest soul is that which doth great things, and is not moved in the doing them.

Fame astonisheth the ear of him who heareth of it ; but tranquility rejoiceth the heart that is possessed of it.

Attribute not the good actions of another to bad causes : thou canst not know his heart ; but the world will know by this that thine is full of envy.

There is not in hypocrisy more vice, than folly : to be honest is as easy as to seem so.

Be more ready to acknowledge a benefit, than to revenge an injury ; so shalt thou have more benefits than injuries done unto thee.

Be more ready to love than to hate ; so shalt thou be lov'd by more than hate thee.

Be

Be willing to commend ; be slow to censure ; so shall praise be upon thy virtues, and the eye of enmity shall be blind to thy imperfections.

When thou doest good, do it because it is good ; not because men esteem it : when thou avoidst evil, flee from it because it is evil ; not because men speak against it : be honest for love of honesty, and thou shalt be uniformly so : he that doth it without principle is wavering.

Wish rather to be reproved by the wise, than to be applauded by him who hath no understanding : when he telleth thee of a fault he supposeth thou canst improve ; the other when he praiseth thee thinketh thee like unto himself.

Accept not an office for which thou art not qualified ; lest he who knoweth more of it, despise thee.

Instruct not another in that wherein thyself art ignorant : when he seeth it he will upbraid thee.

Expect not a friendship with him who hath injured thee ; he who suffereth the wrong may forgive it ; but he who doeth it, never will be well with him.

Lay not too great obligations on him thou wishest thy friend : behold ! the sense of them will drive him from thee : a little benefit alienateth friendship ; a great one maketh an enemy.

Nevertheless ingratitude is not in the nature of man ; neither is his anger irreconcilable : he hateth to be put in mind of a debt he cannot pay : he is ashamed in the presence of him whom he hath injured.

Repine

Repine not at the good of a stranger ; neither rejoice thou in the evil that befallcth thine enemy : wishest thou that others should do thus by thee ?

Wouldst thou enjoy the good will of all men ; let thine own benevolence be universal. If thou obtainest it not by this, no other means could give it thee : and know tho' thou hast it not ; thou hast the greater pleasure of having merited it.

CHAPTER VII. PRESUMPTION.

PRIDE and meanness seem incompatible ; but man reconcileth contrarieties : he is at once the most miserable and the most arrogant of all creatures.

Presumption is the bane of reason ; it is the nurse of error ; yet is it congenial with reason in us.

Who is there that thinketh not either too highly of himself, or too meanly of others ?

Our creator himself escapeth not our presumption : how then shall we be safe from one another ?

What is the origin of superstition ? and whence ariseth false worship ? from our presuming to reason about what is above our reach ; to comprehend what is incomprehensible.

Limited and weak as our understandings are, we employ not even their little forces as we ought : We soar not high enough in our approaches to God's greatness ; we give not wing enough to our ideas, when we enter into the adoration of divinity.

Man who fears to breathe a whisper against his earthly sovereign, trembles not to arraign the dispensations of his God : he forgetteth his majesty, and rejudgeth his judgments.

He who dareth not to repeat the name of his prince without honour ; yet blusheth not to call that of his creator to be witness to a lye.

He who would hear the sentence of the magistrate with silence ; yet dareth to plead with the eternal : he attempteth to sooth him with intreaties ; to flatter him with promises ; to agree with him upon conditions ; nay to brave and murmur at him if his request is not granted.

Why art thou unpunished, O man, in thy impiety ! this is not thy day of retribution ;

Be not like unto those who fight with the thunder, to bring the author of it to order ; nor dare thou to deny his prayers because he chastiseth thee : thy madness is on thine own head in this thy impiety hurteth no one but thyself.

Why boasteth man that he is the favourite of his maker ; yet neglecteth to pay his thanks, his adorations for it ? how suiteth such a life with a belief so haughty ?

Man, who is truly but a mote in the wide expanse, believeth the whole earth and heaven created for him : he thinketh the whole frame of nature hath interest in his well being.

As the fool, while the images tremble on the bosom of the water, thinketh that trees, towns, and the wide horizon are dancing to do him pleasure : so man while nature performs her des-

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tin'd course, believes that all her motions are but to entertain his eye.

While he courts the rays of the sun to warm him, he suppoeth him made only to be of use to him; while he traceth the moon in her nightly path; he believeth she was created to do him pleasure.

Fool to thine own pride! be humble! know that thou art not the cause why the world holdeth its course: for thee are not made the vicissitudes of summer and winter.

No change would follow in the world, if thy whole race existed not: thou art but one among millions that are blessed in it.

Exalt not thyself to the heavens, for lo the angels are above thee: nor disdain thy fellow-inhabitants of the earth, for that they are beneath thee: are they not the work of the same hand?

Thou who art happy by the mercy of thy creator, darest thou in wantonness put others of his creatures to torture: beware that it return not upon thee.

Serve they not all the same universal master with thee? hath he not appointed unto each its laws? hath he not care of their preservation? and darest thou to infringe it.

Set not thy judgment above that of all the earth: neither condemn as falsehood what agreeth not with thine own apprehension: who gave thee the power of determining for others? or who took from the world the right of choice?

How many things have been rejected which now are received as truths : how many now received as truths shall in their turn be despised ? of what then can man be certain ?

Do the good that thou knowest, and happiness shall be unto thee : virtue is more thy business here than wisdom.

Truth and falsehood, have they not the same appearance in what we understand not ? what then but our presumption can determine between them ?

We easily believe what is above our comprehension : or we are proud to pretend a belief in it, that it may appear to others that we understand it : is not this folly and arrogance ?

Who is it that affirms most boldly ? who is it that holds his opinion most obstinately ? even he who hath the most ignorance ; for he also hath most pride.

Every man when he layeth hold of an opinion desireth to remain in it : but most of all he who hath most presumption : he contenteth not himself to betray his own soul into it, but he will impose it on others to believe in it also.

Say not that truth is established by years, or that in a multitude of believers there is certainty.

One human proposition hath as much authority as another, if reason maketh not the difference.

B O O K III. -

Of the Affections of M A M, which
are hurtful to himself and others.

C H A P T E R I.
C O V E T O U S N E S S.

RICHES are not worthy a strong attention ;
therefore an earnest care of obtaining them
is unjustifiable.

The desire of what man calleth good ; the joy
he taketh in possessing it ; is grounded only in
opinion : take not up that from the vulgar : ex-
amine the worth of things thyself, and thou shalt
not be covetous.

An immoderate desire of riches is a poison
lodged in the soul ; it contaminates and destroys
every thing that was good in it ; it is no sooner
rooted there, than all virtue, all honesty, all
natural affection fly before the face of it.

The covetous would sell his children for gold :
his parent might die ere he would open his cof-
fer : nay, he considereth not himself in respect
of it : in the search of happiness he maketh him-
self unhappy.

As the man who selleth his house to purchase
ornaments for the embellishment of it ; even so
is he who giveth up peace in the search of riches,
in hope he may be happy in enjoying them.

Where

Where covetousness reigneth, know that the soul is poor. Whoso accounteth not riches as the principal good of man, will not throw away all other goods in the pursuit of them.

Whoso feareth not poverty as the greatest evil of his nature ; will not purchase to himself all other evils in the avoiding of it.

Thou fool, is not virtue more worth than riches ? is not guilt more bale than poverty ? enough for his necessities is in the power of every man : be content with it, and thy happiness shall smile at the sorrows of him who heapeth up more.

Nature hath hid gold beneath the earth, as unworthy to be seen ; silver hath she placed where thou tramplest it under thy feet : meanest she not by this to inform thee, that gold is not worthy thy regard ; that silver is beneath thy notice ?

Covetousness burieth under the ground millions of wretches : they dig for their hard masters what returneth the injury ; that maketh them more miserable than their slaves.

The earth is barren of good things where she hoardeth up treasure ; where gold is in her bowels, there no herb groweth.

As the horse findeth not there his grass, nor the mule his provender ; as the fields of corn laugh not on the sides of the hills ; as the olive holdeth not forth there her fruits, nor the vine her clusters ; even so no good dwelleth in the breast of him whose heart broodeth over his treasure.

Riches

Riches are servants to the wise : but they are tyrants over the soul of the fool.

The covetous serveth his gold ; it serveth not him : he possesseth his wealth as a sick man doth a fever ; it burneth and tortureth him, and will not quit him unto death.

Hath not gold destroyed the virtue of millions ? did it ever add to the goodness of any ?

Is it not most abundant with the worst of men ? wherefore then shouldst thou desire to be distinguished by possessing it ?

Have not the wisest been those who have had least of it : and is not wisdom happiness ?

Have not the worst of thy species possessed the greatest portions of it, and hath not their end been miserable ?

Poverty wanteth many things : but covetousness denieth itself all.

The covetous can be good to no man ; but he is to none so cruel as to himself.

Be industrious to procure gold ; and be generous in the disposal of it : man never is so happy as when he giveth happiness unto another.

CHAPTER II. PROFUSION.

IF there be a vice greater than the hoarding up of riches ; it is the employing them to useless purposes.

He that prodigally lavisheth that which he hath to spare from his necessities : robbeth the poor

poor of what nature giveth him a right unto.

He who squandereth away his treasure refuseth the means to do good : he denieth unto himself the practice of virtues whose reward is in their hand ; whose end is no other than his own happiness.

It is more difficult to be well with riches, than to be at ease under the want of them : man governeth himself much easier in poverty than in abundance.

Poverty requireth but one virtue, that is, patience, to support it : the rich if he have not charity, temperance, prudence, and many more, is guilty.

The poor hath only the good of his own state committed unto him ; the rich is entrusted with the welfare of thousands.

He that giveth away his treasures wisely, giveth away his plagues. He that retaineth their increase, heapeth up sorrows.

Refuse not unto the stranger that which he wanteth ; deny not unto thy brother that which thou wantest thyself.

Know there is more delight in being without what thou hast given, than in possessing millions which thou knowest not the use of.

CHAPTER III. REVENGE.

THE root of revenge is in the weakness of the soul : the most abject and timorous are the most addicted unto it. Who

Who torture those they hate, but cowards ?
who murder those they rob, but women ?

The feeling an injury must be previous to the
revenging it ; but the noble mind disdaineth to
say it hurts me.

If the injury is not below thy notice, he that
doth it unto thee in that maketh himself so :
wouldst thou enter the lists with thine inferior ?

Disdain the man who attempteth to wrong
thee : condemn him who would give thee disquiet.

In this thou not only preservest thine own
peace, but thou inflictest all the punishment of
revenge, without stooping to employ it against
him.

As the tempest and the thunder affect not the
sun or the stars, but spend their fury on stones
and trees below ; so injuries ascend not to the
souls of the great, but waste themselves on such
as are those who offer them.

Poorness of spirit will actuate revenge ; great-
ness of soul despiseth the offence ; nay it doth
good unto him who intended to have disturbed it.

Why seekest thou vengeance, O man ! with
what purpose is it that thou pursuest it ? thinkest
thou to pain thine adversary by it ? know that
thyself feelest its greatest torments.

Revenge gnaweth the heart of him who is in-
fected with it ; while he against whom it is in-
tended remaineth easy.

It is unjust in the anguish it inflicts ; therefore
nature intended it not for thee : needeth he who
is injured, more pain ? or ought he to add force

to the affliction, which another hath cast upon him ?

The man who meditateth revenge is not content with the mischief he hath received : he addeth to his anguish the punishment due unto another : while he whom he seeketh to hurt, goeth his way laughing : he maketh himself merry at this addition to his misery.

Revenge is painful in the intent : and it is dangerous in the execution : seldom doth the axe fall where he who lifted it up intended ; and lo ! he remembereth not that it must recoil against him.

Whilst the revengeful seeketh his enemy's hurt, he oftentimes procureth his own destruction : while he aimeth at one of the eyes of his adversary, lo ! he putteth out both his own.

If he attained not his end, he lamenteth it : if he succeed he repenteth of it. The fear of justice taketh away the peace of his own soul ; the care to hide him from it destroyeth that of his friend.

Can the death of thine adversary satiate thy hatred ? can the setting him at rest restore thy peace ?

Wouldst thou make him sorry for his offence, conquer him and spare him ; in death he owneth not thy superiority ; nor feeleth he more the power of thy wrath.

In revenge there should be a triumph of the avenger ; and he who hath injured him should feel the weight of his displeasure ; he should suffer pain from it, and should repent him of the
same.
This

This is the revenge inspired from anger ; but that which maketh thee greatest, is contempt.

Murder for an injury ariseth only from cowardice : he who inflicteth it feareth that the enemy may live, and avenge himself.

Death endeth the quarrel ; but it restoreth not the reputation : killing is an act of caution, not of courage ; it is safe, but it is not honourable.

There is nothing so easy as to revenge an offence ; but nothing is so honourable as to pardon it.

The greatest victory man can obtain is over himself : he that disdaineth to feel an injury retorteth it upon him who offereth it.

When thou meditatest revenge thou confessest that thou feelest the wrong : when thou complaineest thou acknowledgedst thyself hurt by it : meanest thou to add this triumph to the pride of thine enemy ?

That cannot be an injury which is not felt : how then can he who despiseth it revenge it ?

If thou think it dishonourable to bear an offence : more is in thy power, thou mayst conquer it.

Good offices will make a man ashamed to be thine enemy. Greatness of soul will terrify him from the thought of hurting thee.

The greater the wrong the more glory is in pardoning it ; and by how much more justifiable would he revenge, by so much the more honour is in clemency.

Hast thou a right to be a judge in thine own cause : to be a party in the act, and yet to pro-

nounce sentence on it? before thou condemnest let another say it is just.

The revengeful is feared, and therefore he is hated : but he that is endowed with clemency is adored. The praise of his actions remaineth for ever ; and the love of the world attendeth him.

CHAPTER IV.

CRUELTY, HATRED, *and* ENVY.

REVENGE is detestable : what then is cruelty? lo! it possesseth the mischiefs of the other, but it wanteth even the pretence of its provocations.

Men disown it as not of their nature ; they are ashamed of it as a stranger to their hearts : do they not call it inhumanity?

Whence then is her origin? unto what that is human oweth she her existence? her father is Fear, and behold Dismay, is it not her mother?

The hero listeth his sword against the enemy that resisteth ; but no sooner doth he submit than he is satisfied.

It is not in honour to trample on the object that feareth : it is not in virtue to insult what is beneath it : subdue the insolent and spare the humble, and thou art at the height of victory.

He who wanteth virtue to arrive at this end ; he who hath not courage to ascend thus unto it : lo! he supplieth the place of conquest by murder, of sovereignty by slaughter.

He who feareth all, striketh at all : why are tyrants

rants cruel, but because they live in terror?

The cur will tear the carcase, tho' he dared not look it in the face while living: the hound that hunteth it to the death mangleth it not afterwards.

Civil wars are the most bloody, because those who fight them are cowards. Conspirators are murderers, because in death there is silence: is it not fear that telleth them they may be betrayed?

That thou mayst not be cruel, set thyself too high for hatred: that thou mayst not be inhuman, place thyself above the reach of envy.

Every man may be viewed in two different lights: in the one he will be troublesome to thee, in the other less offensive: chuse to see him in that in which he least hurteth thee; then shalt thou not do hurt unto him.

What is there that a man may not turn unto his good? in that which offendeth us most, there is more ground for complaint than hatred. Man would be reconciled to him of whom he complaineth: what murdereth he but what he hateth.

If thou art prevented of a benefit fly not into rage: the loss of thy reason is the want of a greater.

Because thou art robbed of thy cloke, wouldst thou strip thyself of thy coat also?

When thou enviest the man who possesseth honours; when his titles and his greatness raise thy indignation: seek to know whence they came unto him; enquire by what means he became

came possessed of them ; and thine envy will be turned into pity.

If the same fortune were offered unto thee at the same price ; be assured if thou wert wise thou wouldst refuse it.

What is the pay for titles but flattery ? how doth man purchase power but by being a slave to him who giveth it ?

Wouldst thou lose thy own liberty to be able to take away that of another ? Or canst thou envy him who doth so ?

Man purchaseth nothing of his superiors but for a price, and that price, is it not more than the value ? wouldst thou pervert the customs of the world ? wouldst thou have the purchase and the price also ?

As thou canst not envy what thou wouldst not accept ; disdain this cause of hatred ; and drive from thy soul this occasion of the parent of cruelty.

If thou possessest honour, canst thou envy that which is obtained at the expence of it ? if thou knowest the value of virtue, pitiest thou not those who have bartered it so meanly ?

When thou hast taught thyself to bear the seeming good of men without repining ; thou wilt hear of their real happiness with pleasure.

If thou seest good things fall to one who deserveth them, thou wilt rejoice in it ; for virtue is happy in the prosperity of the virtuous.

He who rejoiceth in the happiness of another, increaseth by it his own.

CHAPTER V. HEAVINESS *of* HEART.

THE soul of the chearful forceth a smile upon the face of affliction : but the despondence of the sad deadeneth even the brightness of joy.

What is the source of sadness but a feebleness of the soul ? what giveth her power but the want of spirit ? rouse thyself to the combat, and she quitteth the field before thou strikest.

She is an enemy to thy race ; therefore drive her from thy heart ; she poisoneth the sweets of thy life ; therefore suffer her not to enter thy dwelling.

She raiseth the loss of a straw to the destruction of thy whole fortune : while she vexeth thy soul about trifles, she robbeth thee of thine attention to the things of consequence : behold she but prophesieth what she seemeth to relate unto thee.

She spreadeth drowfiness as a veil over thy virtues : she hideth them from those who would honour thee on beholding them : she entangleth and keepeth them down, while she maketh it most necessary for thee to exert them.

Lo ! she oppresseth thee with evil ; and she tieth down thine hands, when they would throw the load from off thee.

If thou wouldst avoid what is base ; if thou wouldst disdain what is cowardly ; if thou wouldst

wouldst drive from thy heart what is unjust, suffer not sadness to lay hold upon it.

Suffer it not to cover itself with the face of piety : let it not deceive thee with a shew of wisdom. Religion payeth honour to thy master : let it not be clouded with melancholy ; wisdom maketh thee happy ; know then that sorrow is to her looks a stranger.

For what should man be sorrowful but for afflictions ? why should his heart give up joy when the causes of it are not removed from him ? is not this being miserable for the sake of misery ?

As the mourner who looketh sad because he is hired to do so ; who weepeth because his tears are paid for ; such is the man who suffereth his heart to be sad, not because he suffereth aught, but because he is gloomy.

It is not the occasion that produceth the sorrow ; for behold the same thing shall be to another, rejoicing.

Ask men if their sadness maketh things the better ; and themselves will confess to thee that it is folly : they will praise him who beareth his ill with patience, who maketh head against misfortune with courage : applause should be followed by imitation.

Sadness is against nature, for it troubleth her motions : lo ! it rendereth distasteful whatsoever she hath made amiable.

As the oak falleth before the tempest and raiseth not its head again ; so boweth the heart of man to the force of sadness, and so returneth it unto its strength no more.

As

As the snow melteth upon the mountains from the rain that trickleth down their sides, even so is beauty washed from off the cheeks by tears : and neither the one nor the other restoreth itself again for ever.

As the pearl is dissolved by the vinegar which seemeth at first only to obscure its surface ; so is thy happiness, O man ! swallowed up by heaviness of heart, tho' at first it seemeth only to cover it with its shadow.

Behold sadness in the public streets : cast thine eye upon her in the places of resort : doth any look upon her ? avoideth she not every one ? and doth not every one fly from her presence ?

See how she droopeth her head, like the flower whose root is cut asunder : see how she fixeth her eyes upon earth : see how they serve her to no purpose but for weeping.

Is there in her mouth discourse ? is there in her heart the love of society ? is there in her soul, reason ? ask her the cause, and she knoweth it not : enquire the occasion and behold there is none.

Yet doth her strength fail her : lo ! at length she sinketh into the grave ; and no one sayeth what is become of her ?

Hast thou understanding, and seest thou not this ? hast thou piety, and perceivest thou not thine error ?

God created thee in mercy : had he not intended thee to be happy, his beneficence would not have called thee into existence : how darest thou then to fly in the face of his majesty ?

G

While

While thou art most happy with innocence, thou dost him most honour; and what is thy discontent but murmuring against him?

Created he not all things liable to changes? darest thou to weep at their changing?

If we know the law of nature, wherefore do we complain of it? if we are ignorant of it, what should we accuse but our blindness to what every moment giveth us proof of?

Know that 'tis not thou that art to give law to the world: thy part is to submit to them as thou findest them: if they distress thee; thy lamenting it but addeth to thy torment.

Be not deceived with fair pretences, nor suppose that sorrow healeth misfortune: it is a poison under the colour of a remedy: while it pretendeth to draw the arrow from thy breast; lo! it plungeth it into thine heart.

While sadness separateth thee from thy friends, doth it not say thou art unfit for conversation? while it driveth thee into corners, doth it not proclaim that it is ashamed of itself?

It is not in thy nature to meet the arrows of ill fortune unhurt; nor doth reason require it of thee? it is thy duty to bear misfortune like a man; but thou must first also feel it like one.

Tears may drop from thine eyes, tho' virtue falleth not from thy heart: be thou careful only that there is cause; and that they flow not too abundantly.

The greatness of the evil is not to be reckoned from the number of tears shed for it: the greatest griefs

griefs are above these testimonies ; as the greatest joys are beyond utterance.

What is there that weakeneth the soul like grief ? what depresseth it like sadness ?

Is the sorrowful prepared for noble enterprises ? or armeth he himself in the cause of virtue ?

Subject not thyself to ills, where there are in return no advantages : neither sacrifice thou the means of good unto that, which is in itself an evil.

B O O K IV.

Of the Advantages M A N may acquire over his Fellow-Creatures.

C H A P T E R I.

N O B I L I T Y *and* H O N O U R.

NObility resideth not but in the soul ; nor is there true honour except in virtue.

The favour of princes may be bought by vices ; rank and titles may be purchased for money : but these are not true honour.

Crimes cannot exalt the man who commits them to real glory ; neither can gold make men noble.

When titles are the reward of virtue ; when he is set on high who hath served his country ; he who bestoweth the honours hath glory, like

as he who receiveth them : and the world is benefited by it.

Wouldst thou wish to be rais'd for men know not what ? or wouldst thou that they should say, why is this ?

When the virtues of the hero descend to his children, his titles accompany them well : but when he who possesseth them is unlike unto him who deserved them ; lo ! do they not call him degenerate ?

Hereditary honour is accounted the most noble ; but reason speaketh in the cause of him who hath acquired it,

He who is merITLESS himself appealeth to the actions of his ancestors for his greatness, is like the thief who claimeth protection by flying to the pagod,

What good is it to the blind that his parents could see ? what benefit is it to the dumb that his grandfather was eloquent ? even so what is it to the mean that their predecessors were noble.

A mind disposed to virtue maketh great the possessor of it : and without titles it will raise him above the vulgar.

He will acquire honour while others receive it : and will he not say unto them, such were the men whom you glory in being derived from.

As the shadow waiteth on the substance, even so true honour attendeth upon virtue.

Say not that honour is the child of boldness, nor believe thou that the hazard of life alone can pay the price of it : it is not to the action that

it is due, but to the manner of performing it.

All are not called to the guiding the helm of state; neither are their armies to be commanded by every one: do well in that which is committed to thy charge, and praise shall remain upon thee.

Say not that difficulties are necessary to be conquered; or that labour and danger must be in the way to renown. the woman who is chaste is she not praised? the man who is honest deserveth he not to be honoured?

The thirst of fame is violent; the desire of honour is powerful; and he who gave them to us gave them for great purposes.

When desperate actions are necessary to the public; when our lives are to be exposed for the good of our country, what can add force to virtue but ambition?

It is not the receiving honour that delighteth the noble mind: its pride is the deserving it.

Is it not better men should say why hath not this man a statue? than that they should ask why hath he one?

The ambitious will always be first in the crowd, he presseth forward, he looketh not behind him: more anguish is to his soul to see one before him, than joy to leave thousands at a distance.

The root of it is in every man; but it riseth not in all: fear keepeth it down in some; in many it is suppressed by modesty.

It is the inner garment of the soul: the first
thing

thing put on by it with the flesh, and the last it layeth down as its separation from it.

It is an honour to thy nature when worthily employed : when thou directest it to wrong purposes, it shameth and destroyeth thee.

In the breast of the traitor ambition is covered : hypocrisy hideth its face under her mantle ; and cool dissimulation furnisheth it with smooth words : but in the end men shall see what it is.

The serpent looseth not his sting tho' benumbed with the frost : the tooth of her viper is not broken tho' the cold closeth his mouth : take pity on his state, and he will shew thee his spirit ; warm him in thy bosom, and he will requite thee with death.

He that is truly virtuous, loveth virtue for herself ; he disdaineth the applause which ambition aimeth after.

How pitiable were the state of virtue if she could not be happy but from another's praise : she is too noble to seek recompence, and no more will than can be rewarded.

The higher the sun ariseth, the less shadow doth he make : even so the greater is the virtue, the less doth it covet praise : yet cannot it avoid its reward in honours.

Glory, like a shadow, flieth him who pursueth it : but it followeth at the heels of him who would fly from it ; if thou courttest it without merit thou shalt never attain unto it : if thou deservest it, tho' thou hidest thyself, it will never forsake thee.

Pursue

Pursue that which is honourable, do that which is right ; and the applause of thine own conscience will be more joy to thee than the shouts of millions who know not that thou deservest them.

CHAPTER II.

SCIENCE *and* LEARNING.

THE noblest employment of the mind of man is the study of the works of his creator. To him whom the science of nature delighteth, every object bringeth a proof of his God : every thing that proveth it, giveth cause of adoration. His mind is listeth up to heaven every moment : his life is one continued act of devotion.

Casteth he his eye towards the clouds, findeth he not the heavens full of his wonders : looketh he down to the earth, doth not the worm proclaim to him, less than omnipotence could not have formed me ?

While the planets perform their courses : while the sun remaineth in his place : while the comet wandereth thro' the liquid air, and returneth to his destin'd road again ; who but thy God, O man ! could have formed them ? what but infinite wisdom could have appointed them their laws ?

Behold how awful their splendour ! yet do they not diminish : lo ! how rapid their motions ! yet one runneth not in the way of another.

Look down upon the earth, and see her produce :

duce : examine her bowels, and behold what they contain : hath not wisdom and power ordained the whole ?

Who biddeth the grass to spring up ? who watereth it at its due seasons ? behold the ox croppeth it ; the horse and the sheep feed they not upon it ? who is he that provideth it for them ?

Who giveth increase to the corn which thou sowest ? who returneth it to thee a thousand fold ?

Who ripeneth for thee the olive in his time ; and the grape, tho' thou knowest not the cause of it ?

Can the meanest fly create itself ? or wert thou aught less than God couldst thou have fashioned it ?

The beasts feel that they exist, but they wonder not at it : they rejoice in their life, but they know not that it shall end : each performeth its course in succession ; nor is there a loss of one species in a thousand generations.

Thou who seest the whole as admirable as its parts ; canst thou better employ thine eye than in tracing out thy creator's greatness in them : thy mind than in examining their wonders ?

Power and mercy are displayed in their formation : justice and goodness shine forth in the provision that is made for them : all are happy in their several ways ; nor envieth one the other.

What is the study of words compared with this ? in what science is knowledge, but in the study of nature ?

When

When thou hast adored the fabrick, enquire into its use : for know the earth produceth nothing but may be of good to thee : are not food and raiment, and the remedies for thy diseases all derived from this source alone ?

Who is wise then but he that knoweth it ? who hath understanding but he that contemplateth it ? for the rest, whatever science hath most utility ; whatever knowledge hath least vanity ; prefer that unto the others ; and profit of it for the sake of thy neighbour !

To live and to die ; to command and to obey ; to do and to suffer ; are not these all that thou hast farther to care about ? morality shall teach thee these : the oeconomy of life shall lay them before thee.

Behold they are written in thine heart, and thou needest only to be reminded of them : they are easy of conception ; be attentive and thou shalt retain them.

All other sciences are vain, all other knowledge is boast : lo ! it is not necessary or beneficial to the life of man, nor doth it make him more good or more honest.

Piety to thy God, and benevolence to thy fellow creatures, are they not thy great duties ? what shall teach thee the one like the study of his works ? what shall inform thee of the other, like understanding thy dependencies.

BOOK V.

Of NATURAL ACCIDENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PROSPERITY *and* ADVERSITY.

LET not prosperity elate thine heart above measure; neither depress thy soul unto the grave, because fortune beareth hard against thee.

Her smiles are not stable; therefore build not thy confidence upon them; her frowns endure not for ever, therefore let hope teach thee patience.

To bear adversity well is difficult; but to be temperate in prosperity is the height of wisdom.

Good and ill are the tests by which thou art to know thy constancy; nor is there aught else that can tell thee the powers of thine own soul: be thou upon the watch when they are upon thee.

Behold prosperity how sweetly she flattereth thee; how sensibly she robbeth thee of thy strength and vigour.

Tho' thou hast been constant in ill-fortune; tho' thou hast been invincible in distress? yet by her thou art conquered: not knowing that thy strength returneth not again, and yet that thou again mayst need it.

Affliction moveth our enemies to pity; success and happiness cause even our friends to envy.

In

In adversity is the seed of well doing ! it is the nurse of heroism and boldness : who that hath enough will endanger himself to have more ? who that is at ease will set his life on the hazard ?

True virtue will act under all circumstances : but men see most of its effects when accidents concur with it.

In adversity man seeth himself abandoned by others ; he findeth that all his hopes are centered within himself : he rouseth his soul, he encountereth his difficulties, and they yield before him.

In prosperity he fancyeth himself safe ; he thinketh he is beloved of all that smile about his table : he groweth careless and remiss : he seeth not the danger that is before him : he trusteth to others and in the end they deceive him.

Every man can advise his own soul in distress ; but prosperity blindeth the truth.

Better is the sorrow that leadeth to contentment, than the joy that rendereth man unable to endure distress ; and after plungeth himself into it.

Our passions dictate to us in all our extremities ; moderation is the effect of wisdom.

Be upright in thy whole life ; be content in all changes : so shalt thou make thy profit out of all occurrences ; so shall every thing that happeneth unto thee be the source of praise.

The wise maketh every thing the means of advantage ; and with the same countenance beholdeth he all the face of fortune : he governeth the good, he conquereth the evil ; he is unmoved in all.

Presume not in prosperity, neither despair thou in adversity : court not dangers, nor meanly fly from before them : dare to despise what ever will not remain with thee.

Let not adversity tear off the wings of hope ; neither let prosperity obscure the lights of prudence.

He who despaireth of the end shall never attain unto it ; and he who seeth not the pit shall perish therein.

He who calleth prosperity his good : who hath said unto her with thee will I establish my happiness ; lo ! he anchoreth his vessel in a bed of sand, which the return of the tide washeth away.

As the water that passeth from the mountains kisseth, in its way to the ocean, every field that bordereth the rivers ; as it tarrieth not in any place ; even so fortune visiteth the sons of men : her motion is incessant, she will not stay ; she is unstable as the winds, how then wilt thou hold her ? when she kisseth thee thou art blessed, but behold as thou turnest to thank her she is gone unto another.

CHAPTER II.

PAIN *and* SICKNESS.

THE sickness of the body affecteth even the soul : the one cannot be in health without the other.

Pain is of all ills that which is most felt ; and it is that which from nature hath the fewest remedies.

When

When thy constancy faileth thee call in thy reason ; when thy patience quitteth thee call in thy hope.

To suffer is a necessity entailed on thy nature ; wouldst thou that miracles should protect thee from it ? or shalt thou repine because it happeneth unto thee ? when lo ! it happeneth unto all.

It is injustice to expect exemption from that thou wert born unto : submit with modesty to the laws of thy condition.

Wouldst thou say to the seasons, pass not on, lest I grow old ? is it not better to suffer well that which thou canst not avoid.

Pain that endureth long is moderate, blush therefore to complain of it : that which is violent is short : behold thou seest the end of it.

Thy body was created to be subservient to the soul : while thou afflicteth the soul for its pains, behold thou settest that above it.

As the wise afflicteth not himself because a thorn teareth his garment ; so the patient grieveth not his soul because that which covereth it is injured.

CHAPTER III.

DEATH.

AS the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchemist ; so is death the test of our lives ; the assay which sheweth the standard of all our actions.

Wouldst thou judge of a life, examine the
period

period of it : the end crowneth the attempt ; and where dissimulation is no more there truth appeareth.

He hath not spent his life ill, who knoweth to die well ; neither can he have lost all his time, who employeth the last portion of it to his honour.

He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought : neither hath he lived unprofitably who died happily.

He that considereth he is to die, is content while he liveth : he who striveth to forget it, hath no pleasure in any thing : his joy appeareth to him a jewel which he expecteth every moment he shall lose.

Wouldst thou learn to die nobly ; let thy vices die before thee : happy is he who endeth the business of his life before his death ; who, when the hour of it cometh, hath nothing to do but to die : who wisheth not delay, because he hath no longer use for time.

Avoid not death, for it is a weakness ; fear it not for thou understandest not what it is : all that thou certainly knowest of it is, that it putteth an end to thy sorrows.

Think not the longest life the happiest ; that which is best employed doth man the most honour : himself shall rejoyce after death in the advantages of it.

This is the compleat O E C O N O M Y of
H U M A N L I F E .

The End of the Second Part.

AN
APPENDIX,
TO THE
OECONOMY
OF
HUMAN LIFE.
IN A
LETTER
TO THE
Earl of *CHESTERFIELD*.



WATERFORD:
Printed by *JER. CALWELL*, at the *Bible*, in
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SINCE the first part of the Oeconomy of Human Life has been received with general Approbation, it seemed good to the Author of this Appendix, to publish the contents of the following Sheets ; and tho' he does not pretend to have borrow'd it from a Bramin, he will venture to assert, that it contains Sentiments, as noble and sublime, of as great Antiquity, and equally deserving the public Acceptance.

T O T H E
Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

My LORD,

THE high character you sustain in the learned world, and that true greatness which shines forth in your actions, has render'd every one ambitious to obtain your regard ; and that generous encouragement which you have always given to every thing which bears the stamp of virtue, has render'd your Lordship universally belov'd by all good men ; and as, my Lord, I am one of that numerous body who venerate your name, admire your genius, and pray for your prosperity, I hope your Lordship will graciously condescend to accept *this* as a token of that sincere respect I entertain for you ; persuading myself your Lordship's good sense will make you look upon *virtue* as equally valuable, whether dated from *London* or *Peking*.

I am, &c.

T H E

T H E I N T R O D U C T I O N.

HEAR, ye mortals, and be attentive to the voice of your father.

Lo! he directs his speech unto you, and his voice speaketh unto the sons of men.

Wisdom crieth aloud unto you, and with great kindness invites you to her arms.

Follow therefore her directions, and delay not; for in obeying her counsels there is great reward.

She teacheth the way to life, and her instructions will guide thee to the *Paradise* of God.

Happy is the man with whom she resides; yea, blessed is he with whom she maketh her abode.

For happiness and prosperity shall be his companions here, and glory and immortality his possessions hereafter.

Embrace then her offers, oh ye children of men, and learn the way to true felicity.

In obeying her dictates thou *Mortal* shall gain the approbation of the eternal, and be blessed for evermore.

His favours with a liberal hand shall be bestowed upon thee, and the light of his countenance shall dispel the gloom and heaviness of
I thy

thy heart; yea, thy soul shall rejoice and be glad, and mourning and sorrow shall not approach thy habitation.

For he only is the fountain of light, and from him proceedeth the rays thereof: day and night declare his wisdom, and the skies reveal his glory. He raiseth the nations of the earth, and by him kings reign, and princes decree justice. He hangeth the ball upon nothing, and supporteth the universe by his power.

The great and the noble maintain their splendor by his beneficence, the poor and the indigent are relieved by him, and his tender mercies are over all the works of his hands.

He calmeth the troubled waters, and the storms are obsequious to his voice. The billows are still when he speaks, and the winds cease to roar at his command. Blessed then is the man who resteth under the shadow of his wings, and is secured under his almighty protection.

Blessed is that man who has the almighty for his friend, who is watch'd over by the care of him who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

Happy shall he be called by the sons of men, who is interested in the favour of the omnipotent, at whose call the winds and waves obey.

Bow down and adore; bend the knee and worship; seek his favour with diligence, and he shall smile upon thee with an eye of approbation. Receive his precepts with willingness, and with submission obey his command. Fear him with reverence, love him with sincerity, praise him

with

with gratitude, and serve him with purity of heart. Act by his directions, be resignant to his providencies, and in so doing thou shalt obtain his favour. Happy thou shalt be in thine own breast, and the powers of thy soul shall rest in quietude. Guided by his hand, thou shalt pass thro' the maze of life with safety, unallured by its temptations, and unintoxicated by its charms.

Each day shall dawn upon thee with renewed pleasure, each hour present before thee fresh scenes of joy to come ; time shall roll round his circuit without tardation, death approach thee unarray'd with his horrors, and eternity itself seem untremendous ; while the bands of nature give way with ease, and life's gordian knot is unloosed without a groan. Thy spirit dislodged from her earthly mansion, shall flutter her wings for joy at her releasment, and soar her way to the world of immortals, attended by a company of seraphs, who shall introduce her to glory and beatitude beyond the skies.



P A R T I.

Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.

MAN considered as an Actor on the Stage of the Universe.

The Omniscieny of the DEITY.

Directions for his Oeconomy and Behaviour.

S E C T I O N I.

CONSIDER, oh man, thou native of the skies, thy character in life, and the end for which thou wert originally designed.

Remember the dignity of thy birth, and think on the greatness of him whom thou callest father ; be mindful of thy noble extraction, and aspire after those things, which are worthy of thy pursuit.

Consider thou art placed on earth as a probationer for heaven ; thou art an actor in time, and to be rewarded in eternity.

According to thy behaviour in this world, will thy remuneration be in the other ; if thou with fidelity dischargest thy part, thou shalt receive both honour and felicity ; but if thou neglecteth the admonitions of wisdom, and despisest the words of her mouth, then shame and sorrow shall be thy companions for ever.

Behold thou art under the inspection of him whose eyes behold all things : the night cannot conceal thee from his view, nor the darkness hide thee from his sight.

The

The blaze of noon, and the obscurity of midnight, are equal to him, to whom all things are clear; for his eyes run thro' the universe, and his observance is extended to the ends of the earth.

If thou attemptest to fly from his presence, by soaring on the wings of the morning, and taketh thy flight to the remotest regions, that labour shall be in vain; for even in the place thou dreamest thyself secure, even there he shall find thee out.

If thou makest thy bed in the caverns of the earth, his eyes shall discern thy fruitless attempt, and his glory and light shall break in upon thee, and discover thy retreat.

Since therefore the judge with whom thou hast to do, will pay no respect to thy person, on account of thy greatness, nor despise thee for thy poverty; since thy doings shall receive from his hands according to their demerits, learn to act the part which is allotted thee with a becoming dignity, and perform the character thou sustaineth in life, so as to conciliate his favour and approbation.

'Tis not a crown, a robe, or a title, which will recommend thee to his mercy; nor exigence and distress obstruct his favours.

Whether therefore thou appearest in the royalty of a prince, or struttest in the garb of the noble; whether thou shinest in the pomp of attire, or wearest the habit of the needy, be studious to perform thy part with care, and thou shalt go off the stage of life in applause.

SECTION II.

Consider, oh man ! thou art formed for an endless duration ; thy soul is immortal, and her existence is for ever and ever.

Rocks, stones and monuments, may decay and fall ; but she shall flourish in immortal bloom, for her duration shall run coeval with eternity.

Time itself shall shortly cease, the sun look dim with age, and nature sink in years ; but thy soul shall still remain unhurt amidst the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Hear then, thou son of immortality, and let the instructions of wisdom sink deep into thy heart,

Look to the regions thou must shortly enter ; contemplate the world in which thou must reside for ever.

Give attention to my words, and learn the value of thy deathless soul.

Tho' the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed from the places where they now stand, tho' the world shall be consum'd, and the ocean roll in flaming billows ; yet thy soul shall remain the same.

Though the lights of heaven shall illumine the earth no more, the stars drop from the skies, and the moon be changed into blood ; yet thy soul shall not be destroyed.

Yea even tho' the great globe itself, with all its numerous inhabitants, shall be dissolved, yet thy soul shall outlive the Ruins thereof.

The heavens also shall melt away with fervent

heat

heat, and nature perish in the blaze of destruction, time shall expire, and years shall roll no more ; but thy soul shall survive these scenes, and endure when ages shall have an end.

Consider, oh man ! thy soul is a spark of divinity, and her existence cannot be circumscrib'd by the boundaries of mortal life.

Thy animal frame must return to dust, and the citadel of thy heart will surrender to death ; but thy soul shall survive the attacks of disorder, the dissolution of the body, and the funeral of corruption.

For, be it known unto thee, she bids defiance to death's sharpest arrows, smiles at the gloom and horror of a grave, and rises above the tombs to her native skies.

She claims her extraction from the great eternal, and acknowledges no other parent than the father of spirits.

The pomps and riches, and honours and pleasures, the vanities, enjoyments, fruitions and possessions of this transient life, are far beneath the dignity of her nature.

Feed her not, therefore, with trifles, nor sell her to gain a world.

Make no covenant with death, nor contract with destruction.

Despise enjoyments that are not lasting, nor satisfy thyself with pleasures that perish and decay.

Gratify not thy passions at the expence of thy future peace, nor indulge those appetites which will push thee on to ruin.

Let

Let reason determiné the measures of thy life, and let thy actions be weigh'd in the scales of judgment.

Consider the world thou art travelling in, and consider the world thou art travelling to, and constantly carry about with thee such thoughts as these—“ I am mortal—I must shortly die—I am immortal—I must live for ever—my body must return to dust, but my spirit to God who gave it—my dust also shall arise, and my soul be reunited to my body—oh ! may I awake from the slumber of death in the likeness of my heavenly father.”

Consider, oh ! mortal, the day is fixed, tho' unknown to thee, when the great eternal, in the person of his son, shall come riding on the clouds, to judge the inhabitants of the earth, when the dread trumpet shall shake the skies, and the wide circuit of creation shall totter ; when tombs and vaults, every little hillock of mortality shall release their prisoners, winds tear up mountains, and rocks fall at their fury—princes and nobles shall be stript of their pomp, *Cæsars* and *Alexanders* shall stand unnotic'd, distinctions shall here cease, and virtue only be looked upon with approbation.

Think then, oh man, what thy lot shall be in this decisive day, when thou shalt be weigh'd in the balances of equity, and receive the remuneration of thy works.

Frequently ponder over in thine own mind the solemnity of this approaching day, when the
angels

angels of thy father shall assemble together, the vast concourse of intellectual nature, when by the command of the king of kings, they shall set the great globe on fire, and pull down the universe; storms and destruction shall display their terror, and the armament of heaven discharge its thunder, while the huge ball itself shall groan and expire, and the pride of kingdoms, nations and empires be reduced unto ashes.

PART II.

Considerations on the different Periods of human Life.

The State of Infants.

On Youth; the Follies and Temptations to which it is exposed.

SECTION I.

BIRTH is the epilogue of life, the bud of being, and the dawn of existence; it introduces us into time, and brings us on the stage of action.

For some time we continue in the world without being engaged in any of its scenes, and when we arrive to a capacity of judging the difference of things, we then commence actors on the busy theatre.

Our infancy passeth off without our perception, and our youthful days are generally spent without any benefit to ourselves, or advantage to o-

thers. Our thoughts are vain, and our actions immature and foolish.

Yet this period of life is soon pass'd over, and vanishes as the clouds before the sun.

When we arrive to manhood, we too often act as children, and behave like those who are void of wisdom.

In schemes, and pursuits, and pleasures, we consume the time, and with fruitless labour frequently compleat the strength and bloom of life.

Age seizes us earlier than our thoughts suggested, and pains, disorders, and infirmities wear out the remaining part of our days.

Thus life itself, in all its stages, is but a short journey to eternity, it passeth away like a shadow, and is no more.

In the midst of life we are in death, and continually obnoxious to the fatal stroke, the present moment is all we can claim, futurity appertaineth not unto mortals.

As the bubble disappears, and is broken by a breath, so life goeth out and expires.

Hear then, oh man, and give ear to instruction; learn thou the arithmetic of heaven, and hear the sapience of the skies—Implore the almighty to accept thy vows, and teach thee the art of so numbering thy days, that thou mayst apply thy heart unto wisdom.

SECTION II.

HAPPY is the infant, who void of care, and unacquainted with the misfortunes of others, passes over the first part of being. It

It beholds the light, and fixes its eyes with attention ; it smiles with approbation on those that please it, and frowns and cries when injured or affronted.

Yet still it knows not what misery means, or conceives the idea of distress and infelicity.

It is fed with care, and supplied with all the necessaries of life ; it is dormant while others are drinking the cup of waking sorrows and rising evils.

If seized by any of the retinue of death, if disorders and pains lay hold upon it, it makes an easy transition from the cradle to the coffin.

Guilt and remorse harbour not in its breast, and the horrors of a grave cause no trepidation.

Thrice happy babe, who just makes its appearance on life's mortal stage, and then returns to its native skies.

SECTION III.

HEAR, oh young man ! and give heed to the words of my mouth ; despise not my instructions, nor turn away with scorn.

Boast not in thy youth, nor fancy thyself secure from death.

Walk into his territories, and behold the monuments erected to his memory ; acquaint thyself with his fame, and naturalize thyself among his subjects.

Remember thy creator in the dawn of life, before the day is overcast with darkness, and thy sun hideth itself in the clouds.

Carefully avoid the follies of others, and let not vice rule over thy heart, so shall virtue establish its empire in thy breast, and her dominion shall be fixed for ever.

Amuse not thyself with toys and trifles, nor give room for others to laugh at thy folly.

Shun the temptations that may offer themselves unto thee, and so shall thy life be long and happy.

P A R T III.

O n M A N H O O D.

The wise Employment of Time the only Method to make Life happy.

S E C T I O N. I.

COnsider, oh man! when thou art arrived to maturity, the remaining part of thy journey will soon be finished.

The scene of life is half over, and the measure of thy days fills up apace.

Thou art stepping down the funeral vault, and gradually advancing to the borders of the grave.

Think then with thyself what thou hast to do; consider the time allotted for thy work, and the consequences that may attend delay.

The sun of thy life has passed the meridian line, and the night is visibly advancing upon thee.

Be therefore up and doing; gird up thy loins, and begin the work that lies before thee.

Shake off the follies of thy youth, if there
are

are any remaining, and act up to the dignity of the *Man*.

Apply thyself, with industry, to thy calling, and be diligent in the discharge of thy business.

Act with integrity in all thy dealings, nor blot thy life with the reproach of injustice.

Despond not when occurrences may look on the gloomy side, consider the scenes may unexpectedly brighten, and the clouds move off, by the hand of providence.

Undertake nothing that thou cannot implore the deity to succeed, nor engage in schemes that are only possible.

But amidst all thy negotiations for time, let not eternity be left out of thy accounts.

Lay up thy treasure in the bank of heaven, and procure an interest at the *Empyrean* courts.

Let thy recreations be few and innocent, debase not thyself in the pursuit of sensual pleasures, nor make thyself on a level with the beasts that perish.

Avoid the embraces of the harlot, nor defile thyself with a prostitute.

For her house inclineth unto death, and her Paths lead unto destruction.

SECTION II.

DR O W N not thy senses in wine, nor intoxicate thyself with the juice of the grape.

It will make thee unfit for the business of life, and bring on disorders, and pains and death.

Squander not thy money away at a gaming-table, nor hazard thy fortune on a card. If

If providence hath blessed thee with more than sufficient, relieve the wants of the indigent and distressed.

Let beneficence take off the superfluities of fortune, and charity expend what thou wantest not thyself.

By this means thou shalt obtain the favour of the most high ; and while the memories of the luxurious, the prodigal and vicious, shall expire with their breath, thy name shall be spoke of with honour and renown, and be had in remembrance when thou art no more.

SECTION III.

DREAM not of perfect felicity in life, no man has yet found it, and thy search after it will prove abortive.

Expect to meet with thorns and briars in the track of life, and therefore beat on thy way with fortitude and courage.

Celibacy itself is not free from cares, and he that is alone is not without vexation.

Sorrows and troubles are the lot of mortals, and the cup of pure and unmixed happiness was never poured out unto man.

Since mortality has burdens thou must carry, take unto thyself a partner in life, who is possessed of virtue, humility, and good-nature, and she shall help thee to sustain the load, and make thy toils become a pleasure ; in prosperity she shall add to thy joy, in adversity comfort thee under thy distress, and be unto thee a friend, a lover and a wife.

PART

P A R T IV.

Considerations on *Riches, Grandeur, and Ambition.*

S E C T I O N I.

TRUST not in wealth, for it abideth not ;
nor place thy confidence in gold.

Affluence is not durable, and riches take unto themselves wings and fly away.

Seek, therefore, after riches which perish not, and treasures that abide for ever.

In so doing, thou shalt be esteemed truly wise, and be opulent even in exigence and necessity.

Think not that true greatness consists in horses and chariots, and pomp of attire, but in conquering thy passions, and subduing thy kingdom within thyself.

Greater then shalt thou be than the victorious *Pompey*, and of more renown than the illustrious warrior : time and its concerns shall sink under thy feet, and the world roll on in silence.

S E C T I O N II.

BE not ambitious for mortal pomp, nor let thy happiness depend on the breath of fame.

Flatter not the great to obtain their favour, nor sacrifice the truth to purchase nobility.

Soar not to the regions of imaginary grandeur, nor attempt to scale the battlements of heaven.

Move in the sphere in which providence has placed

placed thee ; seek not the applause of the crowd, the veneration of fools, or the esteem of wicked men.

Let thy ambition aspire to the skies, and there thy largest wishes, desires, and hopes, shall meet with enjoyment that is permanent and lasting.

PART V.

Reflections on old Age, on Death and the Grave.

SECTION I.

CONSIDER, oh thou whom age boweth down, whose life is near its period.

Happy art thou if thy former days have been spent in piety and devotion, that so thy age bear-eth not the follies of thy youth.

But miserable, oh man ! if thy life has been one continued course of vice and vanity ; how wilt thou bear the infirmities of thy age. ?

The prospect of future beings shall afford thee no glimmering of peace, and horrors and terrors shall distress thy soul.

Thou shalt totter down the descent of life, and be buried in the house of darkness.

Whereas he that continueth in well-doing shall be gathered as a shock of ripened corn mature for glory ; he shall leave the world without an anxious sigh, and expire without a reluctant groan.

SECT.

SECTION II.

COME hither ye sons of men, behold the fate that awaits you all,

Draw near and view the lot of kings, of nobles, and princes ; see death extending his empire around you, and every thing that's mortal falling before him.

Lo ! he holds out his scepter to a dying world, and crushes the sons of time beneath his feet.

Approach ye luxurious, ambitious and profane ; draw near ye gay and youthful, and jocund, and view the face of the tyrant, and tremble at his looks.

Lo ! his bow is bent, and his arrow is ready to take its flight ! destruction attends his aim, and his level is certain death.

Take thy walks, oh son of man, in his solitary kingdom, his desert, and silent empire.

Here thy ambition and pride shall be quell'd ; here thy pomp and grandeur be lost.

From this prospect learn to make a true estimate of life ; here thou beholdest thine and the universal lot of men.

Lo ! the peasant treadeth over the ashes of the noble, and the princes are trampled upon by those who were once their servants.

Here poverty and riches shall share the same fate, and honour and contempt lie blended together.

Here the glory of the great and the power of the high ceases ; here distinctions are unknown,

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and

and the wise and ignorant rot together : ashes to ashes is the fate of mortals, and dust to dust the final lot of the sons of corruption.

PART. VI.

On Immortality, Judgment, and Eternity.

The CONCLUSION.

COME hither, oh man, and take a prospect of the land of immortals : behold numbers of thy fellow-spirits who have entered this awful region, and are now appearing at the tremendous bar.

See how they shiver ! lo ! how they tremble ! — let the ideal view have this happy Influence upon thy mind, to excite thee, without delay, to make a preparation for the solemn tryal.

This court will admit of no excuses : make thy peace therefore with the almighty, and then thou shalt stand unshock'd at the tribunal, and be crown'd with a crown of glory.

And when time itself shall be no more, and the system of nature shall perish, thou shalt be blessed in the kingdom of thy father, and happy throughout the ages of unbounded eternity.



F I

S.

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